

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

How Speaker Clark Attended a G. O. P. Dinner

WASHINGTON.—Through a comedy of errors, Champ Clark, speaker of the house, recently became one of the guests of honor at a dinner given by Representative B. M. Chipfield of Illinois to his veteran colleague, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. It was intended to be strictly a Republican affair, and the 25 guests, other than Mr. Clark, were all members of that party.

Mr. Clark, an unexpected, but nevertheless welcome, guest, appeared suddenly at the dinner. He had a good time, and so did the others. How he became a part of the gathering, as told by himself, proved to be one of the most amusing after-dinner speeches he ever told.

It appears that Speaker Clark and Mr. Chipfield are members of the same college fraternity—the Phi Kappa Psi—and were to be guests at a dinner given by the members of that organization in Washington. Mr. Clark suddenly recalled the dinner, and, having misplaced his engagement book, bethought him that the dinner was that evening. Summoning his chauffeur, he hastily drove to Rauscher's, dismissed his car, and walked up to the dining-room floor. The only function he could discover was a ball, at which members of congress were conspicuous by their absence.

Then the speaker hastened to the Willard, supposing that the dinner must be there. But no, it wasn't. Mr. Clark then returned home to renew the search for his engagement book. Here he told his dilemma to Bennett, his son and parliamentary clerk of the house.

"That's easy," said Bennett. "That dinner is wherever Jim Mann is. Why not call up Mrs. Mann. She ought to know where her husband is."

Mrs. Mann did know. Mr. Mann was at dinner at the Army and Navy club, and that, of course, was where the Phi Kappa Psi banquet was then, surely.

So down to the club the speaker drove hastily, inquiring as he entered where "the dinner" was being given. The clerk said it was on the fourth floor, and without a doubt the speaker bent his steps thither.

The first sign of misgiving penetrated his mind as Mr. Clark caught a glimpse of the diners through the door, which stood partially open. He began to think he had made some egregious blunder and would have pulled back, when at that moment Mr. Chipfield, catching sight of him, shouted his name and every Republican present joined in bringing in the speaker.

Vice President's Stories Worry Senate Chaplain

VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn toilers, he is apt to have a half-suppressed little smile on his face, and Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. He lights a cigar and smokes as he receives any callers that drop in. A few minutes before the noon hour the callers thin out, and the chaplain comes to be in readiness to accompany the vice president into the senate chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous, and the sergeant at arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice president is going to reach his seat in due season. It would not do at all to have the senate open a minute late.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point of his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.

"I think," said Prettyman one morning after a particularly amusing little yarn by Marshall, "that after this I'll keep out of your way and just study the weather map out in the next room until time to go in."

Mint and Treasury Relics Put on Exhibition

VARIOUS activities of the United States mint and of the office of the treasurer of the United States are illustrated in an exhibit of twelve cases recently set up in the north corridor of the treasury building. The display represents the most interesting part of the exhibit of the treasury department shown at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

Included in the cases are presidential medals struck off by the mint; coins, planchets and bars of gold, indicating stages of the processes of making gold money; keys of the safes and vaults of the treasury used from 1774 to the day of the advent of safe combination and time locks; mutilated currency redeemed, and a number of warrants for big payments made out of the treasury or on treasury order.

The warrant for the largest amount is for \$140,000,000 on account of the public debt. Others are for \$40,000,000 in payment for the Panama canal, \$10,000,000 for the Canal zone, \$20,000,000 for the Philippines and \$200,000 paying General Lafayette for his military services to the colonies during the Revolutionary war. With the warrants is a transfer order directing the transfer of \$60,000,000 from the Denver mint to the subtreasury in New York city.

Another interesting feature of the display is the mutilated bills that through expert examination have been identified and redeemed.

"Spooning" All Right in Parks of Washington

"SPOONING," while not recognized by that generic term, is permitted in the parks of Washington just as it is in Pittsburgh, where the chief of police confesses he does not know what "spooning" is, and intends fostering it.

Col. W. W. Harts, superintendent of buildings and grounds, when informed that Pittsburgh's chief of police had extended a general invitation to all lovers to "spoon" in the Smoky City parks, said:

"We do not know what 'spooning' is here, but the parks of Washington are open to lovers, sweethearts, beaux, and belles, and others under the spell of the tender emotion.

"There is no regulation prohibiting lovemaking in Washington parks. These parks are for the beautification of the city and the recreation and enjoyment of its inhabitants. Benches laden with lovers cannot but contribute to the beautification plan, and what more human and delightful recreation is there to be found than lovemaking?"

Realizing that "in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns," Colonel Harts has installed 1,000 additional benches in the parks of Washington. As adjutant to General Cupid, he believes he has done his full duty. There are no restrictions on the use of the national capital's parks by lovers, provided, says Colonel Harts, "their recreation and happiness does not interfere with the enjoyment of the parks by others."

THE DUKE

By VIOLA TREMERNE ADAMS.

It was nothing to be a duke in Mounthalia. Ned Vernon told Miss Hazel Bridges the first time he was introduced to her, and he begged her not to be awed at the pretentious title.

"Call me Mr. Vernon, plain American that," he pleaded, with a laugh. "Or better—Ned."

Hazel flushed at the idea of such familiarity. She could not be on her dignity, however, with the bright spirit at her side, ingenious, a sham hater, a beauty lover—and he showed it on the occasion vividly—who quite won her heart.

"You see," explained Ned, "my father did some rare diplomatic work for the prince of the little Bavarian kingdom here and he was given a dukedom—all but the 'dom.' Duke he was, but no perquisites or property. He nearly starved and when he died he left me a hollow title. It hangs to me with the students here—'Duke Edward.' I'm glad when I can leave it and the memory behind me. I've made enough to educate myself and get back to real civilization. I suppose you'll be going home to the United States, too, after this term. If you ever meet me on American soil, promise that you won't trail in the royal highness feature!"

Hazel promised, with her happy mischievous smile, little dreaming that within two months war would leap



Savage and Wrathful.

forth from the shadows and drive them like fugitives from the peaceful burg where he was studying engineering and she music.

It was amid the first clangor of arms that Ned Vernon said: "I love you!" It was when alarm bells announcing invasion were hoarsely warning the people, that they were married, in haste—never to repent at leisure, however. It was to the dread echo of distant cannon that they caught the last train for Paris.

It was at the gay capital that the sour-visaged, crabbed-shouldered preceptors, Madame Roscoe, left them, feeling it her duty to cable to the humble little village of Merton, nestling among the peaceful hills of Vermont, to plain, honest John Bridges, Hazel's father, the brief words:

"Your daughter has married a duke and is on her way home with him."

John Bridges was a wealthy man. He and his wife lived in a handsome mansion. They had moved from Summerdale, fifty miles distant, never tiring Hazel, anticipating a pleasant surprise for her when she came home. When John Bridges read the cable-gram Mrs. Bridges fainted dead away.

"Married to a duke!" gasped her husband. "I never thought a daughter of mine would disgrace me by taking a foreign noodle head for a husband."

Mrs. Bridges wept, declared her heart was broken. She had read in the newspapers about "titled misery" until she had created a positive bugbear in her mind.

Her husband was grumpy and restless for a day or two, then savage and wrathful. He brightened up at the end of the week, coming into the elegantly furnished parlor, to which he had not yet become accustomed.

"Nancy," he announced, with a grim chuckle, "I've found a way out."

"Out of what?" questioned his wife desolately, for she was still mourning over her daughter's mesalliance, as she called it.

"That duke," responded Mr. Bridges. His wife groaned. She wrung her hands.

"You know, and I know, and everybody knows that these foreign princes never marry except for money," continued Mr. Bridges.

"Yes, John," assented his wife wearily.

"I've got some money," pursued her husband, "but—he isn't going to get it! I've planned it all out. I'm going to put that duke through a course of sprouts that will either wear him out and send him snooping back to 'Yur-rup' post haste, or make a man of him."

"But if he deserts our darling!"

"She's brought it on herself, hasn't she?" sniffed Bridges. "And good riddance to bad rubbish, hey? Get ready to move, Nancy."

"Get ready to move!" repeated Mrs. Bridges, marveling.

"Right away."

"Where to, for goodness sake?"

"Back to the old home."

"Why, John?"

"Not a word now," directed Bridges, with a decisive wave of his hand. "Can't you see through a millstone with a hole in it? I'm poor, don't you understand—poor! poor! poor!" and there was a vengeful, gloating satisfaction in the emphatic repetition.

"I—I think I see, John," faltered Mrs. Bridges, "but, oh! what a tearing up!"

"Worth it, if it scares away this scamp of a duke!" declared her husband. "Oh! I'll make it real to the public—to Hazel and this precious sprig of nobility of hers. Poverty, howling, grinding pauperism! Now then—no sentiment. We'll furnish up the old house just as bare and unfurnished as it can be done. As to the meals, no fatted calf, wife! Give his luddish a genuine workhouse diet. It will take some of the grand notions out of him."

So the plot was laid. The new neighbors of the Bridges pitied their "sudden fall from affluence." The old ones back at the home town commiserated them for making a costly plunge only to come back to even more humble and restricted surroundings than before.

And one day bride and groom arrived. At the sight of the sunny happy face of winsome Hazel, the mother broke down and the father's heart softened. To the duke, however, the mother was distant and the father fairly unkind.

"Duke Edward," however, broke the ice of severity, despite his gloomy reception. He praised the meals, he was like some high chivalier in his respect for Mrs. Bridges, in his love for Hazel. Early the next morning he strolled outside to join his father-in-law on the porch.

"Mr. Bridges," he began in his brisk animated way, "Hazel was telling me that you had over two hundred acres in your place here."

"Oh, yes, such as it is," growled the old man. "Not much good without capital to work it."

"Why," enthused Duke Edward, "there you are mistaken! I'm up on soils and you've got the right sort here."

"What do you know about it?" queried Mr. Bridges charily.

"Oh, my principal course at one time was scientific farming. It would just delight me to join you in good hard work, making this wilderness blossom like the rose. Say, won't you let me try it—father?"

John Bridges winced. Then the barrier broke down. The duke had disappeared. The hopeful, helpful real man had become manifest.

"Heard your daughter had married a prince or something like that, Bridges," observed a neighbor to her father a few days later.

"That's right," assented the proud father-in-law—"a prince of a good fellow!"

Then he went home with a happy smile on his face. He started whistling as he saw his son-in-law in the fields in true farmer garb, hoe in hand, Hazel fluttering near by.

"I say, son," he called out as he passed them by, "we're going to move back to our real home tomorrow," and then he told where it was and why they had left it.

"You're the right sort!" declared the bluff old fellow heartily, "and I reckon smart enough to hold a good business if I start you in at it with the capital, hey? Call the scientific farming quits and let's all settle down to enjoy life together!"

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DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR LOI

Then Pay a Visit to Madison Square Park at Night, a New Yorker Advises.

"I advise all those who are dissatisfied with their lot in life and those who are apparently better situated, to take a seat in one of the parks here some night and merely observe," a reflective man said the other day, according to a New York letter in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. "It makes a man deeply thankful that he has a warm bed to sleep in and a roof over his head, if nothing else."

"I was walking through Madison Square park the other night and watched the poor devils on the benches. Some were typical down-and-outs. All were dozing in the cold. Most of them straightened up at the sound of an ominous footstep. A policeman swung around the corner and walked along the benches. Wherever he found a man with his head fallen forward on his breast he stirred him to life by a prod in the ribs with his stick. If the man failed to respond the representative of law and order sharply whacked him on the soles of his feet, causing the sleeper to start up suddenly and rub his feet together with a haste that would have been funny if it had not been so pitiful. The policeman passed on."

"Some of the bench occupants apparently strove to keep awake. But their heads nodded, their eyes closed and again sleep came upon them. Again appeared the restless policeman, poking each man impartially. I wonder what is the idea of keeping a big, strong policeman who ought to be out catching stick-up men at such a business? Why not let the poor devils sleep?"

How She Got Even.

"Madam," said the dignified husband to his loving wife who had stolen up behind his chair and given him a kiss, "you must know such actions are anything but agreeable to me."

"Oh, excuse me," said the little woman, "I didn't know it was you."

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION.

(Anna A. Gordon, President National W. C. T. U., and One of the National Prohibition Amendment Commission.)

In order to win national constitutional prohibition two-thirds of the members of the United States senate and house of representatives must vote in favor of a bill referring the question to the various states for ratification through their legislatures. When 38 of our 48 states through a majority vote of their legislatures ratify the measure thus referred it is adopted and becomes a part of the United States Constitution. Such a prohibitory amendment is surely in harmony with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which, as its preamble declares, was established "to promote the general welfare and secure the blessing of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

Nineteen commonwealths have already gained the high, dry ground of statewide prohibition. Six states—Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, California, Idaho and Michigan—vote on the question on November 7. Idaho in the endeavor to change its statutory prohibitory law to constitutional prohibition. The territory of Alaska also closes a prohibition campaign on November 7. If we can win this additional prohibition territory and call a roll of 26 prohibition states we shall be within ten states of our national goal. The fact that more than half the people and more than three-quarters of the area of this country are under prohibitory laws is assurance that we are fast nearing national constitutional prohibition.

All states will benefit by the amendment. All will still have power to go just as far as they desire in prohibiting any phase of the liquor traffic and will have the aid which comes from a national policy. Our greatest difficulty today is the difference in policy between the nation's government and the prohibition states. With a similar prohibition standard in the nation and the states federal and state officers would furnish "a frank and candid co-operation for the general good."

FOR THE SAKE OF BOYS.

Rev. John Empringham, an Episcopal clergyman of New York, became, as he expressed it in an interdenominational meeting of 500 ministers, filled with the thought of "how much power might be added to the anti-liquor forces if the Episcopal church would lend some of its strength," and, realizing that "none of the present antialcohol speakers have the entree to its pulpits," volunteered for the work. He said to his wife: "For the sake of our five boys, I am going to wage war against the liquor business." She replied: "My sister in Canada has sacrificed her two boys in the trenches for England. The foe destroying this country is more dangerous. I am willing to make any sacrifice." "Three of those five boys," said Mr. Empringham, "are preparing for West Point, and if the need ever came, I would be willing to see them give up their lives in defense of this country, but I am not willing to see them go down to the gutter, victims of the saloon."

How about your boys?

RUSSIA'S FOUNDATION.

Pierre L. Bark, Russian minister of finance recently declared that Russia's prosperity is rapidly on the increase.

"Russia's finances rest upon the most solid foundation in the world," said Mr. Bark. "The economic prosperity of the Russian people is now greater than was ever conceived possible before the beginning of the war. There is nothing illusory or specious about Russia's prosperity. It rests upon the incontrovertible fact of the Russian people's increased earnings and savings. When a year ago the savings banks showed a monthly increase in deposits of 50,000,000 rubles, it was regarded as phenomenal. But that was only the beginning." Savings deposits have increased over 1,000 per cent under prohibition. This greatly changed condition of Russian finances, Minister Bark explains, "is accounted for principally by the growing thrift and economy of the peasants since the enforcement of prohibition."

CURSE OF MISSIONS.

In China the government is careful to label all poisons and it is stated that the liquor shipped from this country is labeled "The Jesus Poison." In Japan drunkenness was practically unknown until after the revolution of 1868, and now when a drunken man is seen on the street the natives say, "Here comes a Christian."

THIS IN CINCINNATI.

When the National Lumbermen's association had their annual banquet recently in Cincinnati no liquors were served. The menu card pictured three beer steins, and under them were the words, "Nothing Doing!"

GREATEST ENEMY SLAIN.

When the province of Alberta, Canada, went dry, the leaders of the prohibition forces sent the following message to Hon. Lloyd-George: "England's greatest enemy has been slain by the voters of Alberta."

Questions of Man—Replies by God

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE
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TEXT—Only believe.—Mark 16:7.

Suppose a minister is preaching on the word "believe." A member of the audience suddenly begins to ask question and the minister answers in words from the Scripture. The first question is: Whom Am I to Believe?

"If we receive the witness of man the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his son," I John 5:9. It is not the church, nor the minister, nor any company of men the sinner is to believe, but it is God himself as he speaks concerning his son. There might possibly be some hesitation in believing what man would say, but there can be no hesitancy in accepting the testimony of such a credible witness as God. The sinner is asked to believe none except the God of the Scriptures. Then another question is immediately asked, viz:

What Am I to Believe?

God's own answer to this is "he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave his son. And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his son," I John 5:10, 11. That record is the gospel concerning God's son, Jesus Christ, who was delivered for our offenses, who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, and who was raised from the dead the third day according to the Scriptures. This is what God declares concerning his son, and this is what the sinner must believe in order to have God's gift of eternal life. I am to believe, on the authority of God's own testimony, that Christ died for my sins and that he rose from the dead and ever liveth to make intercession for me.

The questioner asks a third question, viz:

Why Am I to Believe?

Because God commands it. "And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his son, Jesus Christ," I John 3:23. Again, because a refusal to believe is the same as calling God a liar—"he that believeth not God hath made him a liar," I John 5:10. Again because it is the only way to please God—"for without faith it is impossible to please him," Heb. 11:6. Again because the refusal to believe seals one's own doom. "He that believeth shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned," Mk. 16:16.

Still another question is asked, viz:

God's answer to this question is very direct, for he says, "Now is the accepted time, behold today is the day of salvation," II Cor. 6:2. Again, he says, "Today if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart," Heb. 3:7. We are continually warned not to procrastinate, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," Prov. 27:1. "Not today" has brought many a soul to cry "To late." "Many will seek to enter in and shall not be able when once the master of the house has risen up and hath shut to the door," Mk. 13:24, 25. Not tomorrow, but today is your day of salvation.

Another question is then asked, viz:

May I Believe as I am?

God answers this by saying, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," John 6:37. "To him that worketh not but believeth on him that justified the ungodly his faith is counted for righteousness," Rom. 4:5. Again he says, "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely," Rev. 22:17. The only class who can be saved is sinners. If one waits to become good before believing that, one will never be saved. The sinner is to believe just as he is—good, bad or indifferent.

But another question is asked:

Can I Be Saved if I Don't Believe?

As we listen God replies, "Without faith it is impossible to please him," Heb. 11:6. When Peter stood before the leaders in Jerusalem they suggested practically the same question and the reply was then and still is, "Neither is there salvation in any other for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts 4:12. "He that believeth not shall be damned," Mk. 16:16. There is none saved except through faith for "By grace are ye saved through faith," Eph. 2:8.

One last question is asked, viz:

Can I Be Lost if I Do Believe?

And to this God answers, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16:31. "He that believeth on the son is not condemned," John 3:18. "He that believeth hath everlasting life and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life," John 5:24. If any believing soul is lost God's word will be found to be untrue and God himself a false witness.